More Create Blog Sign In

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Sarah Birl (Morrison) (Philadelphia, USA): Three Poems

SIPPING THE HOURS

I sip the hours. Burn my tongue
realizing that jewel in the tree is you,
a luminous bird breathing me away
in a shimmer and a haunt.

My distance from you is a wishing well.
My distance from you is a comet swift-dipping
conundrums from the constellations.

The stars detect mirrorly our island parts.
Our mirrors are the wings of our song
and the melody spelunks and trapezes
again and again.

APERTURE

It is the glass chariot's murmur.
It is the grave careening silence.
It is the marauder-cauldron of my heart
screaming poise, swallowing fecundity.

INSTANCE

A poem in my vein
burst and landed
inside the balloon

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

of your detour. It
splintered, cringing
the sign.

© Sarah Morrison 2008

David Prater (Netherlands/Australia): "A821.4"

A821.4

that place where we all someday hope to die
or rot at least (our skins like autumn leaves

in solidarity with those whose fame exceeds
our own (no matter now this system lets us

obscure the vain & support the humbled the
catalogue that protects that gives each of us

some space in which to rest canonised alone
awaiting some three miracles a beatification

in that heavenly curriculum (of ars poetica,
each brailled punchcard returned by hand to

its vacuum-sealed drawer (the airs condition
interpret you (guard against that lonely dew

© David Prater 2008

Lars Palm (Malmo, Sweden): Eight Poems

(the great somewhere-or-other novel)

fork, he said. then he explained how to use one. she left

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

(paint)

a big burly man & a bigger burlier woman are leaning out of my third floor flat painting the outside window-frames talking about how people handle the somewhat organized chaos on the street below. another big burly man is on a mobile lift in the inner yard

(confused it)

faces grow out of the walls. yes. this is a third-rate horror movie disguised as a panda. pandering to their dust. lusting for disgusting things in life. back to the wall. & the featureless face it grows. repeating give my remains to broadway so many times he forgets to mispronunce it. then growing features to sell to some national newspaper

(wake up screaming)

for some reason known only to themselves four teenage kids have gone to a cabin way out in the woods with the stated ambition to drink themselves stupid. one of them sees a man in a hockey-goalkeepers mask lurking behind the trees. he goes to tell the others & they are paralyzed with fear & do weird things for about an hour. then the man removes the mask. the kids are relieved to see he has no face

(witch trial & (t)error)

trees spawning dark matter don't matter much anymore. any more moorings to cast off? are we talking about a revolution? something about the number of them per minute. the hour stretches into seconds. served by deadpan cops along with the summons & the rubber bullets. shedding your mortal coil. coining another phrase for excavating any number of cavities. caving in through the door. before. & after climbing that tree

(small treatise on the habits of balls)

for Jonathan

bouncing. paris was closed cold dark & rainy. more annoying than romantic. another jumper writing notes on how to fly dogs out of the islands. entry blocked by elephants. their drivers say nobody here even heard of mutual aid. or wolves. *rolling*. the navy base is quiet. a little too quiet. let's riot. & possibly general health. or cathcart. if he ever got himself promoted. not with a bang. but with fangs bared. barred the door. *flying over fences*. fending off airplanes. he fancies himself the bane of all things winged. & rosie rings. a ring of roses. hoses pose as toasters.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

causing a small diplomatic brouhaha. all but forgotten three days later. when finally the ball is set rolling. bouncing all over the square. where had it been made of metal instead of leather. perish the thought. though the thought was tougher than that. just sat down on the ball & said diddly squat. hurting when squeezed or kicked. swear by your nearly extinct balls. calls back immediately. rosie says she rang a bell. bell calls from his resting place saying not to disturb him. he will get back to work when he feels like it. in the meantime do what you will with the roses. or go to paris in the spring. & spring that trap. now clap. one hand

(winning taipei)

a helping hand brings you closer to a secret goal. a joyful reunion awaits your arrival. a new friendship will help cast a spell of enchantment. a secret goal is in sight. hang in there. a visit with friends will prove an enjoyable occasion. accept the next proposition you hear. all the little things will add to a happy journey. an unexpected gift will add to your pleasure. another's expression of appreciation will delight you. be patient & the answer will be revealed. bouncy ball is the source of all goodness & light. concern for a friend's happiness will enhance your own. know yourself so that you might understand others. meet a new challenge with calm assurance. memorable moments will make your trip delightful. new experiences & new friends will enrich your life. stay calm, cool & collected, & all things will fall into place. strange new experiences will add to your joy of living. that fleeting thought is worth pursuing. the concern of others will make your trip a delight. through the eyes of love all things will take on a new meaning. travel with a light heart & happy expectations. unexpected offer deserves serious consideration. unseen forces are working in your favor. unusual offer will enhance your future. welcome the chance to learn about others. what you do with sincerity pays the greatest reward. whatever you do, make it fun. wherever you go, there you are. within you lies the power for good - use it. you will attend a party where strange customs prevail. you will relax in the lap of luxury. your trust in a friend will prove well-founded

(a king's alibi)
for Amy

a machine played back the story. mother phoned father to me. enchanted the little kettle dripped hints of home-ground coffee. a cornershop spirit. an old minstrel show. warm featherbed & hope chest. a glimpse into the black. cigar so historical. set upon the anteroom shelf the words keenly followed. a crew telling in-jokes to themselves. the tailor divining milk from its coat pocket. that was the day a battery

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

box suspended quiet. history told as an eminent doctor above water. napkin-folded boats find purpose at sea

make a miraculous bluebird. make wine to toast the tender empty church echoing bats. cage the dog's bark. veer into stampbook etiquette of peace. photograph a functional razor where unarmed people approach the hovering trees. sing songs of memos on tender tendons. break from citizenry & become the land you've always meant. lip-sync history along with the world. brighten the woman on the curb. report before sundown

they live as if within a large city nestled in a valley. husband mows & wife vacuums. they stretched each other to influence. they were like moving in. she broke every crayon in the box. household acts boiled over the likelihood of work. your signature loving you stings paying a piper's penalty. bulletproof people who classify ketchup as a vegetable with or without faith. you cannot believe the wind last night. made of water & light an iceberg floats into you. a patchwork seamstress watches her flower garden. i eat the neighbor's mountain side. i steal lines only to ask if there was ever a question. i have lived on the rooftop in internal weather. sun on top. i'm also taking your small house. shocked that one day i fall asleep the crowd never acts on its own theme. giraffes feed on leaves from my upper branches. streets report back to me. like snakes we shed guns

another freedom learning only the lights of asylums. city-born flies bark & reach toward the rafters. mosquitoes & night moths fill government

a capsized girl holding court. neighbors on a fence rumble. ramblings of old men seated on stoops. they discovered color returned. he dons his work-worn cape. resists a person who has false teeth & makes a certain hour. he was a bee in summer & in the wake of your buzzing bridge. played a sleepy harmonica that pushed puddles to deeper lakes. a peony eats its neighboring cow. after dinner teak wood fell for cork. lightning drowns veined wooden frames. fat berries ripened brought back from dust fields. peasants dance stomping tile flowering with sin & perfection. bourbon-doused dusk. every twig snapped. vipers in the grass heard their sleekness between thin blades. wars rained upon the fields. wine-stains or silk vest. background cow smiles loudly. silver night spreading westward. toad on an old country road exit. creek babbles brook-like. disappearance messing with directions on the drive back. sleepy gravel road pours forth evening breeze

*some of these poems were first published (sometimes in slightly different form) in revista encuentro virtual & on **Amy King's** blog*

© Lars Palm 2008

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

More Create Blog Sign In

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Eileen Tabios (St. Helena, California, USA): Three Poems

GRACE REDDENS
(after Christian Hawkey's "Thistles for Finches")

In the passage of a blink
a howl descended
as *grace* bubbled up—

A trash can
kicked down the stairs:
music and laughter

because *el cubo de la basura* was painted
as red as your lipstick
as red as flamenco

I recognize the helplessness
of those who must dance
and those who can only witness—

Flounces transcended
the polyester reality of her skirt
As well, *oh* pale limbs

revealing a ziggurat
tattooed on an inner thigh
on an area where inscription must have been desperate
with *hurt*

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

FLOODED THROUGH

(after Christian Hawkey's "He Spoke and, Speaking, Realized He Could Speak")

1)
A room emptied
of all but curtains

despite expensive velvet
despite no rips

A room empty
amidst its curtains—

Well, except for
that useless light

and the body drowning
in it as a hand writes

2)
As a hand writes,
In Iranian mythology,
the cypress formed
the vegetal metaphor
for fire, for flame

"and reminded men
of the paradise he had lost"

(Paraphrasing and quoting in No. 2 from a randomly-opened page, P. 86, from The Olive Harvest, a memoir by Carol Drinkwater, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 2004)

PAINTING DANCE

(after Christian Hawkey's "Spring Fever")

… wind permanently delayed
ignores my open mouth.
Instead, blue triangles kick up

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

zero ash, dancing with red squares

Sequins wait for
flamboyance
without knowing the outcome of
“Matte vs Glass”

© Eileen Tabios 2008

Didi Menendez (Bloomington, Illinois, USA): Two Poems

SALTPETER

I used to share a drink
with Toulouse-Lautrec but then I
contracted syphilis and they
sent me away to the same island
with Napoleon Bonaparte.
He was such a bugger.
He used to spit when he spoke.
It was very hard to get back
on the horse when you need
to keep wiping your eyes.
Did you know my sister
was ironing her skirt last
time saw her? Don't tell...
you have a sister too?
Did you see that game last night?
DiMaggio was at his best. Wouldn't
you say the same? You are going
to have to speak louder. I am deaf
in my left ear. I went into shell shock
while in Saigon. Van Gogh lost
his ear in Viet Nam too.
He was my bunk buddy.

Let's sit down a spell.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Do you play cards? There is a good
game going on right now in the next
room. Every Tuesday. I used to play
the stock market but lost it all in 1929.
The fall was brilliant.
Did you know that right before you hit
the pavement you see everything
very clear so very clear and it feels
like everything will remain like this forever
and then everything goes black.

About that cafeteria food— be careful
with the jello. They put saltpeter in it.
Shh. Quiet. Quiet. You don't want anyone
hearing us do you? Stick with me kid.
I haven't had an erection since the crucifixion.
Sometimes I scratch my balls
as if they're still there.

UNTYING KNOTS

In eighth grade Rosa
became zealous with
Johnson & Johnson
baby powder. She'd
take showers before
being dropped off
every morning at
St. Peter and Paul
Catholic School
by the Roads in
Miami, Florida, 1973.

Betty took the bus with
us to school. Her hair
was dyed blond because
her mother owned the
beauty salon off Calle Ocho.
This is important to know

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

because Betty had her hair
chopped ala Ziggy Stardust
when everyone was
feathering theirs.

I forgot to mention
that we are all Cuban
boys and girls whose
parents all left because
of the Revolution between
1959 and 1966.
Betty once said
to us while Rosa
was not around
that Rosa was
powdered up because
she wanted to be white.

As these words
escaped her strawberry
glossed lips
three nuns walked
past the flag pole,
three girls held their right
hand to their heart,
a pigeon landed on the
asphalt and cooed, my father
walked past the school
yard carrying my lunch
in a paper bag, boys turned
their head to the street
as a green Impala drove by,
the American flag made
sounds against the wind.

I looked down at my feet
and pulled up my navy
blue socks and noticed
the laces on my black

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

and white oxford shoes
had become untied—

© Didi Menendez 2008

Paul Siegell (Philly, USA): Three Poems

11.17.05 - Galactic - TLA, PA
(*—most I've ever seen Fisher dance*)

word moves
tour words
words with eyes open and mouths about to:

direction words:
start here, head down, turn left—hup,
two miles and a u-turn, retrace, turn right—
grocery list words:
pick this up, and this, o and don't forget this:

put a "re" before "new"
after a space add "orleans"
and, crushed, you've got memorial words
constructive words—the t-shirt words
of a saxophonists in a quintet
from a mending delta city—

jazz-funk yeah-word fusions, song-
building, song-storming rock and
crowds of words
true word wings and roll word concerts
word tickets to word parties
eventful words and all the words attending
cute-girl words, stunning loveliness word
eyelashes, applause for word rhythms and bold
word drumming, beat-controlling time words
bouncing towering-wow words—
that moly is holy wow words—

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

with knowledge of not enough words:
you've gotta allow the wows—

and where do all these words come from?

useless words! instrumental-only words!
words pict outta the crowd:

there're bands I love that never sing a word.

06.22.07 - Wilco - Count Basie Theatre, NJ

all for the show of audience,

a lyricist serves his language as if pulling down a building
from the small city block of bar tap architecture. a fluid,

inebriating pour.

like an ashtray anthem, lest we've penned some other medicine,
drinking smoke swims overhead in the night's aquarium of air.

charged by an avant-guitar, listen-licked by the lyricist,

Wilco tension crescendos rendezvous with introspective
fluorescence

and whip the attendance of epileptic starfish into flight—

but what are the chords to when the kick drum shakes the serifs
off the alphabet in my eyesight?

if you look close enough, chord constellations take great pains—
while as wise as time, the audible dance of a drummer at drums

handshakes all the letters a pick uses, from string to string,
to spell a scale in the taxicab of a measure.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

06.28.07 - Ryan Adams & the Cardinals - F at the TLA, PA
(—for the sold-out, short-show disappointed)

a fan-thrown
rose

bemoans
stage front

as roadies
tear down

to boos

© Paul Siegell 2008

Laura Goldstein (Chicago, USA): "A Creature..."

A CREATURE THAT HAD LIFE IN IT BUT NO LONGER HAS LIFE IN IT

daft habits jolt into damped laps, you can say “don’t worry about it” several many times and at the end of what’s this an episode, fractured season realized into sub pieces we’ll then see that but the telling truth of now begs you, new friend, for some other advice—

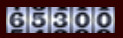
relax into civilization. money ekes out the pores: cleaning it kills it. I thought that I would write you but you’re already written. I thought that I could fight you but I’m actually smitten. i thought that I was right in the place where I’m sitting but actually I’m already off on a mission—

flowers unearthed strewn in and around the empty fire time and time in, time out again, eventual crumble toward the end of something’s life span, not visible but sensed, why denote or demarcate an aspect that evokes questioning on grounds of difference. it was in the 80s when these questions began to solidify and then step backwards—

and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving (*robinson crusoe*) about a bucket or a truck of coins could now be considered a truckload of corrected manuscripts corrected by the finest editors, copied by the cunningest hacks, manifested by the most brilliant businessmen working in the literary world today—

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

© Laura Goldstein 2008



Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

More Create Blog Sign In

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Jeff Hilson (Walworth, London, UK): from *Bird bird*

From *Bird bird*

HIMANTOPUS HIMANTOPUS (black-winged stilt)

Everyone's poems have birds in even mine. The jays are real workers at their job, he said, and fatter than any jays I ever saw before. The birds are batting by. Thank you we had a lovelyview of (*the baroness, the baroness*) everyone's poems. I want to be simply the best we have too, and slow like the baroness, obscure and slow and carrying chips. So this one'sabout me and unexpectedly long. A startling drop from branch to branch. Those birds she said are startling. Tomorrow is Sunday and I am spotless and rose. Dear joe, a blackbird. Jim's dead too. Everyone's poems have birds in even mine.

FRINGILLA MONTIFRINGILLA (brambling)

Everyone's poems have birds in except mine. *Bastone*! The rods split into two. In my dream I dreamed I was reading my poems as badly as this I'm glad it was just a dream. In a darkwood my *piaggio* did tumble down more than any other tree. Then they're rubbish, the dells filled with dew again. Those happy days after the legions left. *Rifiuti*! Pale villagers them be in their homes who want for berries. I have seen the rest of the hedge and are all rhubarb. Two countrymen discussing grapes, two librans, the pines the pines. *Rugiada*, little girl, I don't know which is touched more my vag or my heart.

PETRONIA PETRONIA (rock sparrow)

What will be my wild end, heads or tails. In the old days most of these small brown things did nominate larkin round and round. I want to be remembered fingers first.

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

This strain, its allies, I confess. A little swollen through the volva I suspected the reverse below the surface but not “my old name.” Not in other words watchful of how ‘hence’ unfolds (yeah, in the area!), there were always, variously, spaces I could have gone for – from the cap but the cap was free; from the apex as if it were only one cap inside another; from the report that it was, which is “as it were,” a cup and not a cap. Caps and cups, cups or caps, this bird does not this little note require.

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025

PORZANA PORZANA (spotted crake)

“We are hard to flush like cous-cous and small buttons. But when the distant throbbing of the coast drops in we must flush down, quickly, into the ditch. Now the ditch dominates. It’s darker here and colder than on the earth, the cous-cous is quiet and the small buttons, ha-ha, it just all looks dark and cous-cous sized.” And he breaks off slowly in a rail-voice. “Nothing demands close attention in itself.” First the moorhen then the bee spends less time in, the bee who has walked through like a weather bird a storm bird a rain bird. His left-hand name, my word-book, is a sign of land.

CICONIA CICONIA (white stork)

The landowner is coming now and harley is between beds. Harley come be found with shirley quickly. Come into the wilder-bed come from the form we fell in mixed up and the pheasant’s eye for nothing from the bright bikes lighting up the pissy-bed. We watched them as the lights came on but it was only an analogy the lighting of the pissy-beds, and they went out of old fields turned into golf-courses. It was ordinary shirley it was ordinary and so so everlasting. The white stork’s carriage arrived it came for nothing the poem was over and it was the end of spring. Spring involves plants in bulk. This is not a recipe.

LAGOPUS LAGOPUS (red grouse)

I struggle with the birds of the air but gaps are allowed with grouse everywhere in this crude survey. I mean it must be fed up my big red eyebrow. Lately a gate or pasture untended, sparser, unintended, I simply don’t know what I’m doing. I guess building it up rich, which the burry-man is too, but loading is just plain wilkinson, quick & vital. On the he heath our art hardly grows but see-see too the shoots of the she heath. With all this debris it’s filling up. “Crescent illae, crescent amores.” A.D.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Hope is a cunt. Drinks occur. The turning bird is driven over. That it then fell, that it was finished ending in a leaflet sucker its got hips too. © Jeff Hilson 2008

Andrew Lundwall (Beloit, Wisconsin, USA): Four Poems

RESURRECTION

those lips that smoke together
giggle at 4 am like porcelain
of it felt like years'd passed

chopping block was it the moon's
a woman entertains life this way
hear there are milky cloud noises

hear there is recur prolong each missing
with oval slip of kisses stirring up feel
which surged into my eyes for you again

RIVERSIDE

shallow faces paint this way go by
eavesdropping the largest erection yet
under penalty of checkered tablecloth
imprisoned by rainbows soft chewy nougat
milling about smoking dopest dope
being called fucked each hour inches by
flesh glaciers peach fuzzy incredible
strips like puzzles skinnydips off riverside
with buxom pupils whiskified abysmal

EYELASHES

moans on phone snuffed rationality her torso unspooling
beneath magenta sheets of doubtencrusted lust
rolling winedribbled r's of distant camerafugues
a fugitive cyclone of shattered spastic sunflowers

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

because lay awake is law of those indebted
because noise of kisses over shoulder past
because memory juice leaks what could might be
because floorboards creak a melancholy possible

BUG

stars after
rain feet
on street
television creeps
cramped cargo
stapled to chest
like an insect
like an ever

© Andrew Lundwall 2008

Jordan Stempleman (Kansas, USA): Three Poems

FRIDAY

Some sun spots, the old ones, sound of
defeated clouds. Too violent,
they're finally told. Too piled in for the sunset
to see the midwinter turn away
medicated, unscented, however they prefer
to turn away. This is a near obsession
of the present, self-stored, hoping much later
to say what it is. I have no idea what's to become
of the terrible places that never once
thought of themselves as terrible places.
The deal of the animate was to keep moving
in the stratum of take your pick, then time
to time the leaving. Once with one arm shorter

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

than the other, oaf of perfect nose. I like
that you heard me. It seems that you heard me.

SATURDAY

I am facing the fanciful yellow of how I pan out.
A common dream: I am thinking eyeholes, if provided
mixed reactions to pre-summer light, and late summer light,
couldn't do any more with what they're asked to wipe away
before morning, even if real eyeballs were bounced
from a dark velvet bag straight into my head.
I am preceded by a sign, near-wooden
that begins, *dash-dash, apple, yuck, faraway,*
faraway, nasty, come here.
Behind the capability of a new design, there's a raggedy
drift, this is true, from such a place that forgets
I am the terrible host, and I am lazy and allowed to stare
in a descending pitch at all who arrive late
and are willing to live.
Do I, take you, to love all the symptoms of the earth,
even as we lose our long hours and relative loves?
It's about time we dig. I'm coming to
as slowly as I began.

SUNDAY

I have one cold dish of something
that wouldn't be caught dead in pants.
And the gray, I remind myself, is the business
of the subtle forgetting, of where you lead,
without thinking, *I'm stretching it*
now, really, it's in the narrowing flail
that makes the good technique. Dope.
Why, as a basis, isn't there a moment
or one moment to go?
I will care to occur for as long as I'm doubled
over, see the size of this, playing along with the that
that I won't ever see. But the zoo, come on,
sigh. I mean the species, nothing but,
that refuse our attention.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

© Jordan Stempleman 2008

Otoliths: *When You Bit...*

When You Bit... is the second full-length collection by Adam Fieled, now out from Otoliths.
When You Bit... can be purchased here.

The book is a sixty sonnet sequence, set in Chicago and Philadelphia. It takes the form of a triptych, and the three twenty-sonnet sections are: *Sister Lovers*, *Dancing with Myself*, and *Two of Us*.

"Not all vampirism transpires on a grassy hill deep in the Carpathians. We may all, in fact, be vampires: blood-crazed, hungry, equipped with sharp teeth for a life-and-death struggle. The struggle is for love, in all of its myriad manifestations: physical, emotional, spiritual. In *When You Bit…*, Adam Fieled has crafted what may be the first post-avant sonnet cycle. It concerns these themes; how we feed on each other, consume each others' vital resources, prey upon weaknesses to get those first teeth-marks in. In these sonnets, we see a sensibility equal parts Barrett Watten and Sir Philip Sidney; the post-avant impulse towards openness meeting a Renaissance-like ideal of courtly love, phenomenological inquiry, and good old-fashioned heartache. The goal, perpetually renewed in the text, is always the same: to make the reader complicit in attacks on frigidity and an embrace of the artfully carnal."

Jerome Rothenberg (USA): Four Landscapes

FOUR LANDSCAPES
Europa, on the Train

1
three who go across a bridge.
how often.
three who go across an auto route.
some fall & find the sessions sweet.
& some in silence at the last frontier.
a sudden racket.
bells in moscow mark the start of sleep.
a cause is lost.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

an arm is open.
arm in arm.

2
clouds in the sky.
a swiss franc in the hand.
a brick that breaks in pieces.
a snail that rushes in.
today becomes tomorrow.
a wind upsets a wind.
they find a time for driving.
someone arrives in time.

3
girl with a bow in hair
& flowered dress:
remarkable.
the mother struggles up a hill
where no one finds her.
Saturday with ruffled sleeves.

4
the shadow of a cloud
is on the field.

the horses race inside the shadow.

half a field away
a burning tree.

© Jerome Rothenberg 2008

Brooklyn Copeland (Carmel, Indiana, USA/UK): from *Borrowed House*

From *BORROWED HOUSE*

MILD AND ALOOF AS A DOVE

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Our first mornings feel tricky, the tip
of a dusty tongue wetting a dusty upper lip.

The creeping sun is noncommittal.

Over decades, the mice in the attic have built
dresses from scraps of bandage, bandanas.
A dead farmhand's dressings.

You find me sorting through half-filled
dance cards, imagining a devout girl,
fair of face, fat of thigh.

Your reassurance is as mild and aloof as a dove:
that girl is long dead, you say.

Furthermore, look at her

junk: clearly she'd condone us.

THEY REMAIN WHERE BREATH LEFT THEM

These people were packrats. Really, we're the ones

haunting the house, traipsing half-naked, drink-handed,

every warped floorboard announcing our belligerence.

O, the things they hung on the walls!
And the things they shoved under beds!
And the beds they stored under stairs!
And the stairs they made into scenes, into starscape!

The carpet is still sandy with their dander,
flakes of spittle from their chatter. Just imagine!

They remain where breath left them.
Even on the way out, there's no accounting for taste.

Look hard at their expressions:

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

you and I are too conceited, incapable of expressing

such grand scale completion.

© Brooklyn Copeland 2008

Leonard Gontarek (West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA): Five Poems

AUTUMN SONOTA

Jackson Pollock was afloat in his life
with a view of burning cruise ships,
which was the world, if that makes sense,
and I understand if it doesn't.

I think of Pollock when I am walking the edge
of a field in autumn imprinted with shadows
of leaves, and lit leaves among the dark aspects.
I connect the calm to Pollock,
strangely, you might think.

Pollock once sat in a field with an elixir,
after selling his soul to the devil.
A mixture of whiskey and dusk.
It looked like the glass was frothing,
but it was ordinary mist.

Recently I looked a Pollock painting,
which, always sacred to me,
looked like a bunch of paint piled on a canvas.
One of the saddest afternoons.

TOWARD DARK

The birdsong is repartee, curt
and haunting.
The world calls me *momma*.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

A woman, fleur-de-lis
stockings, sails past.
She's beautiful, I suggest
to the man at the end of the bench.
Buddy, you wouldn't know a beautiful woman
if one came up to you and bit you on the ass.
I think I would.

Jesus Saves. Of course,
then, Jesus kills too.
It rains on lush trees
and small breaks in sky. Hard.

APRIL

You introduced me to ouzo.
If you sprinkled a few drops
of water in the clear liquor,
it turned smoky. Remember?
Afterward we were drunk enough to make love.
A gray day with white and pink blossoms in the trees.

LANDSCAPE WITH LANTERN

It turned cool again tonight.
The first of Spring fast approaches.

I remember a man hammering a nail
through a piece of tin. It must have been zero out.

I didn't ask him why he was doing that.
The stars come out like soft white bulbs.

I have nothing. I know it's not true,
but that's how it seems.

I am a blind man in a Zen story,
without even a lantern.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

You don’t know what I’m talking about,
see what I mean.

APPRENTICESHIP

See how the rain & screens form a way to you.
It is not just that the way is lit by brilliant maples.
It is more than that. In the reserve of dark,
we are happy to be pained by love & mysteries,

so meaning may elude us. Oblivion, blissfully so.
All night long. God fingers us, all night long.
Cars skirl the wet streets. Brilliant red cars.
Leaves don’t so much fall, as

are dumped into wet needles.
Difficult to tell dream from the other thing,
Inhabit this world when I damn well feel like it.
Compassion is not a requirement. Mystery makes

matters worse & my shadow is small, affectionate,
wiry, smells like wet hair.

© Leonard Gontarek 2008

Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

More
Create Blog Sign In

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Adam Fieled (Editor, Philadelphia, USA): from *Chimes* #15

O, for American summers of ice cream, basketballs, hot dogs, softball fields. On three special weekends a summer, day camp became sleepaway camp, before I had been to sleepaway camp. We sat on picnic tables on Friday afternoons, after the rest of the camp had departed, waiting for the fun to begin, and our sleeping bags had been deposited in the Rec Hall. It was in the air then for me, and on the sunny Saturday mornings that followed: a sense of absolute, boundless freedom. Looking out over the fields, the archery range, the equipment shed, and back up to the rock path at the foot of the Rec Hall's steps, the day glistened inside and around us, a feast of gracious gifts. If we could inveigle a counselor to supervise, we could use the swimming pool, maybe (if he or she were mellow enough) for hours. The pool itself was up and around the corner from the Big Top pavilion, where the other counselors fired up tunes on their boom-boxes and gossiped about the night before, less ecstatic than us to be here in Norristown. Many times, I claimed the equipment shed as a personal fiefdom, so as to organize massive, junior-professional softball games. Everything was trundled out to one of the two fields which was separated only by a wire fence from narrow, curvy Yost Road, and more empty fields on the other side of it, which I often stared at, entranced at a young age by nature spirits without being consciously aware of it. Counselors played with us, including CITs (Counselors-in-Training), and the context required us to cut heads— if you weren't good enough, you couldn't play. Later, down all the fields I ran, shirt tucked into shorts, playing capture the flag. Or, there I sat at the campfire, being told scary stories, feeling the magic of a small clan huddled, marshmallow soft (as the smores we cooked) in that realm: camp. Eventually I discovered sex, my sex, through the knowledge of a little girl who saw a big man in me. She held my hand and kissed me, and it was a deep wave of knowledge that left forever aftershocks rattling my walls with fire and thrill, frisson. Those lips were tender, were fevered, were forever cleaved to me in my imagination after that one night outside the Dining Hall, which was suddenly far away as Neptune. There was a brooding and a bittersweet and a

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts
- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...
- Cleveland Wall (Bethlehem, Pa, USA): "Midge"

Contributors
- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives
October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.
PDFmyURL

knowledge of what can be achieved when two poles of being meet in the middle to kindle sparks. I held on to it.

© Adam Fieled 2008-2023

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025

Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

More Create Blog Sign In

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Mark Lamoureux (Astoria, Queens, New York, USA): Two Poems

THE MADEIRA DRINKERS

Will get to
it quit asking &
shake the box
until glass swan
breaks jaws unhinged
like an orchid
resplendent in shirt
jacket tie hat
face pants Stinking
Benjamin no Ben
rocking the pocket
square where good
old fashioned red
nepotism below deck
under water un-
understood taller
blasted Bridge Mix
chess timer heart
in tall glass
overtime adagio
closed mouth
open face Monte
Christo in over
affect nape
of onion salt
sock garter Gyro

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Plate has some
fucking hair on
its vestigial gills
or tar liquorice
record sleeve smell
& film just
like a real
girl's tears on
a hot plate cassette
deck disaster
like a real French
King like in
a movie with
real milk real
flowers fake
moustache lost in
the pirate cove
the model lighthouse
on the little Lake
Geneva green racing
striped like
mini golf balls

SCRIMSHAW TANGO

A porcelain cleft roves
Over gravel, the blasted

Tower injects the void
With names—ask me

To author you: said narrative
Resolution a bait &

Switch letter-pressing—although
Irreversible, I forgot

What I was doing, untied &
Gagged—the annihilator

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Shoots a full stop upon
The pretty strophe,

Languid, from paper
Bloom to paper bloom—

Better still a nameless text
With no ankles suspended

O'er an openmouthed receiver
For the wet apparitions.

I make a seeded form,
I make a pneumatic mausoleum—

Was all skin &
Phonemes, all skin &

Tight like a pineapple
Rolled over dimples

O Man Ray who paints f-
Holes, lens tucked

Into a rift & burst like
Wedding-glass—give over

The many subject positions
Subject to gravity as

A still & hairless face is
Parsing code

From a nameless flame.

© Mark Lamoureux 2008

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

THE FIRST CHRONICLE OF MARRIAGE

When the afflicted meadow prevailed, but the vestal cottage did not, when the thinking thingamabob existed, but the hypnotic tomato did not, when mental somersaults reigned, but snickering laments did not, when blindness was obligatory, but trinkets were not, when shepherding and mewing bellowed, when kitchens had mancatchers — I was the grandmother of middling gourds, Ancestress of the beaten squash, I was the mama and papa of pumpkins, the cousin of misused zucchini.

THE SECOND CHRONICLE OF MARRIAGE

The mates in the meadow stitched barley, the mates in meadow polished loins, stitched their loins to polished barley, counted fish in the squeamish, ate fish from the squeamish as one eats a sparkling loin. One day, as slumber came, they commanded the holy measurements before the Fishyman, his correct name lost. The allotment of Shepherd was decreed double; the allotment of Shepherd with Damsel in sundress was decreed triple; the allotment of Apron was donated to charity, in loving precedent; yet the allotment of Gigolo, though suffering from grande swagger, was decreed quadruple.

THE FOURTH CHRONICLE OF MARRIAGE

At that juncture a bridal festival was unleashed in Tabernacleville; a bridal festival unleashed upon the meadow. Shepherd said, "Come, Gigolo, let us go, let us dabble in daughters, let us go and get tuggered." The god Shameman attended the bridal festival; his wife, loyal Harpy, attended the bridal festival, and I, their beloved daughter, Damsel, attended this primal bridal festival. In Tabernacleville, the creditors rattled, seven debtors took their daughters from the brothels, hassled and pedaled, to baffle and compete for the Shepherds' ironing down the path to Apron. Many came to Tabernacleville, the space where the bridal festival unleashed, to fondle and fiddle. Many bartered for us fond dangled fiddles.

THE FIFTH CHRONICLE OF MARRIAGE

With Gigolo, for both were first-rate dandies, Shepherd too strode the teeming meadow to slip and tweak at the gate of Tabernacleville. They searched for the absurdist instrument, plucked many hooded rows. Gigolo declared us second string, interloped his bow into each shallow body, then speculated with the Shepherd. In this gruesome meadow, in the tasting, Shepherd fancied me; in my gruesome meltdown in Tabernacleville, Gigolo traded his kingdom for this checked out vessel.

THE NINTH CHRONICLE OF MARRIAGE

The mental somersaults multiplied, pumpkins mangled, tomatoes massacred. Sultana spoke to Damsel: "Hark, his blissed fish is sweat and marred and his tongue keen as

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

sprite; he gobbles all meals and considers you snack. He will attend more festivals and gawk and slip and wolf and pluck; he is Shepherd and Fishyman's bartered image, nurtured by Apron and Harpy, monstrosities of your image. He's the seepage in your hearth, the slackage of your pull, the leakage down your thigh, the rotting sausage plugging your psyche . . . My kindred, my echo, my spit and damage, you are not obligated to mindless affection." Damsel replied to Sultana: "We cannot deflect this cyclone, only scribble him down."

© Reb Livingston 2008

Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

More
Create Blog Sign In

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Garin Cycholl (Chicago, USA): from *Hostile Witness*

RANDOLPH & FIELD O

the mold's insistent embrace
of the concrete—*it makes me*
hot!—its respirations against
these caves, their hard, secret
histories of curtain and frost—"an
architecture of impermanence"
split open and ailing with light,
like the stone buildings were
pulled up out of the lake, cement
still sweating glaciers; is that a
church bell or nostalgia for six
o'clock ringing against western
sky, now petrified over the

CONGRESS HOTEL

the city encrusts itself on the eye—
not "limestone in its communion
with water," but urban caves, an
architecture made of dusk, glass
reflecting the city's shadow and
inside, bemused molds and the
weedy stink of summer— "a
common Mediterranean fantasy
of stone and water"

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.
PDFmyURL

* * *

(this is the yr of Jackie

Chevrolet skin covering the men's
threats—crack open the radio and
history's dust-stung residue bleeds
into the middle night or peel the
men's sweat back over their muscles
cramped over seats

the Chevy is a cave
the Underworld turns
around these men their
eyes make sterile numbers;
Joe McCarney turns his straw
hat in the green night their eyes

full of blood, they've seen
closed things— what they
believe about the country
could fit into a paper sack
or a concrete wall they
see future wars, their eyes make
not bloated animals but string
corpses along a cigar store
calendar "roaming the freeways
for half the night— where else
would they go to rehearse the
end of history— the meaning of
freeways, they'd always known"

(the fist in time)
we've got the Italians in the car—
prairie Venice, the streets running
with river water, lower Randolph, a
great cave of history the mold
swallows you

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June
2008 July 2008 October 2008 November
2008 December 2008 February 2009 March
2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009
July 2016 November 2016 January 2017
February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May
2020 July 2020 September 2020 October
2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021
July 2021 December 2022 June 2023
August 2023 September 2023 October 2023
November 2023 December 2023 January
2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024
May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September
2024 October 2024 November 2024
December 2024 January 2025 February
2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

did Zale even see the punch coming?

* * *

your passenger is asleep whistling
some tune between snoring “is that
Dixie?” you ask in America,
you travel alone great birds appear
along the weedy edge, violence
crouching in the spilled headlight 2
hrs. outside Chicago and you want to
wake him but— too late now passing
Wilmington and Bainbridge still an
hr. to the all-night fill-up at Bloomington,
Springfield by sunrise, work by nine

“blood in its peaceful rage”

* * *

look, friend (he
expld) it’s not
like I’m trying to
screw your wife
or anything— I
just need you to tell
me how to get west
and you keep sending
me to Joliet; if I’d
wanted to go south,
I’d ‘ve gone to
Cairo to Memphis
to Jackson to New
Orleans

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

he said, America
is a road is a broken
chair is a jail cell is a
fault line

a corruptible geography
pre-Cambrian plates over
a fucking river that won't
stay in place roads
stretched over faultlines

"nothing in writing
is easier than
to raise the
dead"

* * *

the map, coffee spilt and corrupted—
not by the mapmakers, who put made-
up towns in Louisiana and Kansas
to protect their copyrights—but by
the compass itself; to go west, you
must go south—we must descend—
Bill knew it—corruption finds its own
level, like water; try cutting the weather
out of the land—mold sealed in the
walls, the prairie spreads by fire

* * *

see how he belongs to the cutting
block, to the wallow of trembling
muscle and mess does the butcher
shape or chop, his hands do violence
or sculpt? define the carcass's form or
dissolve its anatomy? the animal's

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

body coming apart, like the boxer's
in jabs and hooks—doing as much
violence to himself as the man
circling him? likewise, how does
the geography leave its print on the
land? does it define or segment, give
names or sever names from their places?
a national road should name things

(where does that road go, tell
me— California or Texas? "a

sense of birthright and usable history"
our voices are not stand-ins for his'
try but are cut from the rock of time
itself—*a certain meaning to these
eviscerated beasts*

* * *

Nixon said, "this is a
nation of laws" but
see *decades of bad
lawyering* Nixon's
four (Rehnquist, Powell,
Blackmun, and Berger)
dissenting in *Furman v.
Georgia*—see *keeping
the vote down* and *can
we construct a system*?

and June 1972, Lester
Maddox on the courthouse
steps: "it's a dark day in this
country—rape, murder, and
anarchy—reentry to the
jungle life" eye for an
eye "embedded in the

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

American psyche”

* * *

you can write your *History*
of Cockfighting in Chicago
(write it in the dust) but it isn’t
going to exhaust the game,
(this man was always
talking) Fuck you,
I explained—what’s more
Chicago than a room of
screaming men, stirred
up by blood whether
it’s between their knuckles,
or in their eyes?—you’d
drive 200 miles to see it—
Bullshit, he sd—nobody’s
gonna buy that, my friend, a
roomful of screaming men,
of fighting chickens, of
blood a new dark age
blooms only once a lifetime

* * *

the bonfire rots soil
in its own time—
woodshed the color
of birdshit and each
kicked-open toadstool
a threat or THE CHICKEN
INDUSTRY IN AMERICA—
each bird skinned and cooled,
plasticked and shelved

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

(“the cumulative violence done to birds in this land”)

* * *

the governor’s song:
eating light, I emerge from the ground—
I hardly recognize my own son, my
legacy is corruption I’ve forgotten
more names than I know, the backshelf
pharmaceuticals, the things given with a
wink—was that the Illinois Central or a
tornado? I descend in a Kankakee
minute; you get homesick for the mold,
but who are the prosecutors of the
world? every childhood has its recalled
storm, its horse’s nightmare eye, the
run to the cellar (sadly, most of ours be-
long to Dorothy—the hired hands racing
the black cloud, the witch turning on her
bicycle) the prairie can’t hold it—

the leaf mold on courthouse steps
the shredding of paper
the ripple of rising water
the ignition switched off and
the car running down into midnight

© Garin Cycholl 2008

Juliet Cook (Ohio, USA): "Mass Production"

MASS PRODUCTION

1.
You can also get a tub of that size
filled with tiny debutantes. Not even talking

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Cool Whip tub. Talking bigger, more durable
plastic with bright label affixed,
haphazardly stuffed with little wannabe queens,
fresh from the assembly line. That new car smell,
that pink approximation of bendable legs
under flammable dance dress. Molten plastic core.
Interchangeable whores with poseable tiaras.

2.
The screw is rotated by a motor, feeding pellets
up the screw's grooves. The depth of the screw decreases
towards the end of the screw nearest the mold,
compressing the heated plastic. As the screw rotates,
the pellets are moved forward in the screw
and they undergo extreme pressure and friction
which generates most of the heat needed
to melt the pellets. Heaters on either side of the screw
assist in the heating and temperature control.

3.
You can also get a plastic whip, that new car friction,
pink grooves haphazardly stuffed with Cool Whip.
Of course some of them aren't even good enough for the back seat.
The list of defects includes: blister, burn marks, color streaks,
silver streaks, delamination, embedded contaminants, stringiness, voids, warping,
weld lines, and splay marks. Her legs won't bend back any farther
and the nozzle hasn't even shot its load. Little wannabe whores
should bleach their assholes, the inverse of the product's shape.
Compress the heated plastic, scream like a size queen, burst into flame.

© Juliet Cook 2008

Steve Halle (Palatine, Illinois, USA): from *Elegiac Stanzas*

elegiac stanzas for m.r.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

in fall on a lake a turnover a man with fake plastic watering can a lake a scum comes to turnover unseat the stability of a thermocline and a teeth live in lakes but in summer teeth go sleeping and dorsal fin on a surface unsharked in fall on a lake leaves sink to rot and the wind has teeth the meaning: to lurk a life spawn bloat die and wash ashore a man waters leaves unwithered somewhere fire near a lake an M house a landmark somewhere we can turn over a gascan a gascap something I've forgotten in fall a time of forgetting the aging man my fall if you know a lake certain places sunken ships and cars structure and superstructure a hide a lake grave the smell of fish washed ashore and decay an aging man thinks of turnover and gasoline he waters himself he is thinking of growing larger an aging lucid man uses gasfire to speak his fire himself flesh the message he sends and no lake enough water no lake of fire or human powermad leviathan enough to douse can say chain enough to stop the spread of firewords he speaks with a silenced mouth beside a lake a man in turnover he is fire the message he burns

elegiac stanzas for k.c.

a whistle is bell enough to Donne wheelsteel pestles memories & fleshes a bellwether herds of yellow an island yard to which i'm sailing altho purple of the plum trees lose leaves in red whether watercolor in dinghy wind but don't fight it rain in the face it stings don't fight to stay ahead of whether oars aside for Sisyphean challenge to find the most infinitesimal Russian doll a rock reaches the nadir of all whirlpools or dinghy contained by brained container ship holding the roots of memory hostaged rake ahead of leaves and flame-retardant chem ahead of wildfires conductor smokestack engineer laboratory lightning he sees his burden before premonition scintilla among words raked together in memoriam a name mouthy kid an essesnce upon the axis of his own growth in naming windy eye beasted hurricane sylvan wye a slave to whorls of task a question exclaims its own answer we found it don't fight is Traneing In proving where we cannot believe

elegiac stanzas for r.r.

paraphrasing Eliot: the irony is to be born kicking, drooling & shitting into a barren world. o eyes i hear with, ears i see with. is it not better? measure life in windows fifteen thousand one hundred forty five go by each flecked with drop spots particle particular where water had been but is no longer. two hundred fifty seven per pane

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

average backed by winter fog. wheel & electric rail & Adolf the fury of approach furious even in stopping. metal-metal. weather strip. aboard-abort. it's overheated in here. ads. faces. words. phones ring but none answer, none speak. the route respirates (in-out, back-forth) its own infinity into graffiti, the unmanicured middle of a vacant lawn, weedy lot. time spelled backward is emit. heat, radiation, vapor. your building differs or i enter through a different door. you are the you i thought of you as being but something else simultaneously. head-sprung you i chucklestudy the absurdity of perverse o'er-urinal propositions. o the philistines mad to create! even to create the potential circumstances of creation. to create a game by which the circumstances are enacted in a ledger of probabilities one of which being a simulacrum of the intended creation. even a premonition of a second self. to hold: the center of the pendulum. the Strict Master w/ scythe keeps time in ears i see he claps they grow the train in rushes by as we hit the tunnels' stairs a misser in harvest time. i hear *you*; you're *you* & other. against the backlit city we dance arms enlocked, unsmiling. followed by the fool. Route 12 a road to Unicorporated Count(r)y seat of the Lethean imagination. fishbrains: newborn every ten seconds--achtung! the chess pieces too hot to finger. No One removes his cloak. curtain. drape over the mirror. sweated bangs hide the forehead forgets. the sun again the sun. eternity is three-handed: a card game beyond trump a mutation beyond holding a watch you cannot afford. i take my imagery from the Swiss *from the dawn in a solemn dance away towards the dark lands while the rain cleanses cheeks*

elegiac stanzas for a.r-g.

the pendulous chubby-white knee meat is a swing-year-old five in repetition amidships the blued plastic childflesh makes the upstroke of wind in recollection a rust-year-old time in saddle-gold the shoe while new in dismount learns the pleasure of gravity's grassjolt via the earth mechanism (1.ooomph.!) *Exeunt* and here insert a Shakespeare "" likely Lear again alas poor Yorick the Cutlass rumble is my skull scene spelled homophonically in the intersection over where plasticine angels chortled i was almost lost never in Denver! the terminal repeats a simple is not a phrase an apple of a simple to be LeBaroned in tow the child's simple too safety if not reverie to be backrevered one light seat to fancy must be forwarded in the paths' past impressions of a rickshaw glider glaze slide concussion a harmonic immolation of steel-steel to shatter traffic patterns my glass perfect crumple to peel in aftermath memoryskin orange of my sinus i've seen the other angel her sinews terrible-charitable lust cheek under halo i beseech & heal sirened away *I See You Exeunt* i knew him Horatio

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

elegiac stanzas for j.r.

Dear Lodi,

palomino in terms of bull by the balls and Arabian by means of its snow leopardine tail frozen in a sculpted mid-gallop when the horse's suffering ceases its cathartic valuation out comes the gun tubes out of her arms new tubes NOW to dull pain of coming dullard "Goodbye" i say over the rainbow your suffering no longer panolplied by the coloring of this *aging man punished* a sculptor whose talents are weak who ceases exploration in his creation but never ceases carving a space in the world in which to die picking out clothes casket plot affairs in order no different from the underporched dog who limped off arthritic to face things as he must alone a composer no longer finding justice among the notes admires Cage for the wrong reasons admonishes silences with noise unpacks bags and sets off for Bozeman in need of O Marie! I'm coming for you! a mountain view in lieu of carbuncles wrinkles corpuscles etched via *marcottage*, *Élan vital*, signed then titled "Crepuscles in Bronze"

Goodbye,

Idaho

© Steve Halle 2008

Kelvin Corcoran (Cheltenham, UK): from *Madeleine's Letter to Bunting*

Day 1

The year goes out in a high wind,
sunlight steps across the floor in stripes
and various animals come around for food.

The sea charges petrol blue and lucid,
the whole garden dancing at night
unparades me cat and black sleep owl.

I can see the red hibiscus in darkness,

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

I read your poem *Letter to Bunting*,
the start of the dream, in amazement.

Day 2

Sun lights the end of the year
the wind has dropped to nothing
Benazir Bhutto has been shot.

We dug experimental holes around the house,
broke a spade and hoe on buried rock
planted song-lines, a lemon tree and shrubs.

Sixty Kenyans incinerated in a church
I climbed into the eucalyptus, swinging
through the world like a bug on a blade of grass.

The sea all around on three sides glows,
I grasped the springy boughs in my useless arms
I smelt good and hung on against sense.

This tree has such a colour,
is it blonde cinnamon, and the etymology?
- she might sweep me up if I fall.

At your age I thought I had a plan,
I did not, or it was the wrong plan;
it was not to be fifty and exhausted up a tree

Speaking the only three words I have
to the local children bemused,
arms numb - *Eucalyptus, if I fall, save me*.

Day 3

Took the tallest branches out,
hit the supply cable on the way down,
same sun, same sea and dizzying view.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Face covered in scented sawdust
dancing the ladder tiptoe around the trunk,
no power, no light, no heating, no food.

Five cats and a dog came to be fed,
smoke drifted into the empty harbour
a bowl of smoke from the olive harvest.

Raked out the weeds and undergrowth
around the new shrubs, found a snakeskin;
how the roots take I don't know.

Anchored to rocks, strong white fingers
cling to the underground life,
only the radio news is fatal.

Later, after eating in Agios Nicholaos,
a fishing boat dressed in Christmas lights
would look good out on the water.

Day 4

High wind roaring all night,
read until 3 a.m. - woke to broken sun,
the whole village in its morning dance.

The sea turned a metallic grey
white riders outward bound,
a sound like understanding just born.

My lemon tree looks bonny in the breeze,
we walked over terraces, olive trees
flickering green and white, to see neighbours.

Dionysus has been sighted
all along this coast, the rocks speak
the rivers run his name.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Away cold brother of white thought,
what season sits on your back
over mountains covered in spring.

She went away one night, left
the children whispering at the door,
her eyes empty, her mind leaping.

And at that, the bright green shoots
pierced our feet and hands to tap tap,
Dionysus rising answers - I want to.

Day 5

Madeleine, my unabashed girl, I'm saying this to you,
because of your poem - *Letter to Bunting*;
you already have the trick of writing from the body,
of not explaining that you are you and not you in the poem
but trust to the shape and weight of words as you go;
there's no passport for the journey you might take,
just breathing each beat, a young woman breathing
says - *snake I want to be bit a little*.

Day 6

Has the making of a halcyon day,
the kingfisher safe front holds
what blue the sea has taken on,
as barely tidal music surrounds us;
we sat and played stare-cat with the dogs,
the sunlight dreams an early spring
like the first morning of a new life.

Last night we went to the harbour at midnight,
fireworks explode, children singing St Basil
to bless the houses of the living;
the priest and the policeman danced together
and the old year tipped into the new,

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

quick fire shooting across black water
binding the time to set us free.

We could launch the ship of lights
out into the Neolithic darkness,
learn the many conditions of the sea
and sail south around Cape Matepan;
a risen world in that first moment lifts
the candid islands of lyric and rock and sky
from the Aegean heart of all our making.

Day 7

Between etymon and Eucharist
gum-tree, I am stuck up a,
to get a text from you on Euro Star.

Saw the fire damage around Paradesia,
hills folded in ash, hills shadowing hills,
miles of it like burnt black hair.

At 30,000 feet out of my tree I
smack into an endless England,
the tendentious politics of a small island.

Beneficial in destroying the miasma
of malarias districts, I swing
wrapped around the trunk.

© Kelvin Corcoran 2008

Laura Goldstein (Chicago, USA): from "*primetime static*"

We're all having problems with our joints, Hamlet. Either they're out of sync with some movements or we just need some time to set it right. What is this "second sight"? Multi-tasking in the dark night as sparks of life reach out of the set of all things. Oh to be alone, though. Oh, that head bone. Tossed around in the midst of

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

missed connections, shrunken to the size of a tugboat, love finds a real place to start over instead of having to replenish its members every episode. One large hum of the evening channel in the interstitial zone, new huge muse makes a home a home, that’s the real news.

Why have a favorite pair of underwear? It must be because so many girls have sex in their bras. Could be the story of their own morning before they met up to disclose. It’s a small round window out onto our own lives, right? When are you going to stop reading those terrible novels, Emma? They’ve led you to want things that you don’t deserve. Your poison, dear? Not in the ear, not where you think. But to give you your own sick as ink in place of where you don’t speak. Your room is imbued with deep shit in the spring before spring even starts happening.

Consider: mixed signals might be more meaningful than ones meted out under control: a rose is a rose is a rose I suppose but what if it smells like shit? A record of how all activities on board attract each member, couples disengage as multiples intertwine, combine with time, preserve a natural self, in this case mine. Then there’s this other show that creates a character that eventually creates the show again. A scene re-enacted a few seasons ahead of where it first aired, when it was really happening. And at the same time, others are called to a bench I’d much rather sit here and watch, obviously.

But is trash on TV that knows it’s trash on TV still trash on TV or is it a social service deep in spring these things help to spread the love around. Bring all the love by boat to another continent. Pack the love in tight. If there’s too much love it might have to be thrown overboard. There’s a great show about that, a show about a hero so it just goes to show we’re really on our way if we can at least say that, ok?

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Raw footage before it’s deciphered for viewers: think of it as a river that’s entering your home. A river in the middle of the ocean, warmer, a tide that sweeps attention across a shore. Watching a trio test out their charms is a warning that sits in the back of a mind on a couch somewhere in the city. In the middle of the night orifices swell to circles the size of eyes, charred heart and hushed chorus of the lonely house of a wife suddenly on the outside. We’re involved until the end of the episode thinking it could be: Stomach flu Some food Sadness Spring Should she just suck it up? She screams, “well, what’s making me sick, Kierkegaard?"

© Laura Goldstein 2008

Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Lars Palm (Sweden): from "Footnote Poems"

#1

perhaps because movements are so easily founded by people who do nothing. or because moments are so easily found by people who know something else. moments move to the side while some of the people begin. & while others cease. not to exist but to be existentialists. for reasons they themselves find unclear. at least when they try to lay them out. on a table in muddy shade. meanwhile back at the parole-board bored officers vandalize offices & are sentenced to any number of years without parole. that's how things go say the people who do nothing. as if they ever wrote a song with no less than two harmonica solos. or spoke to a dead french poet called jacques. or jack as they would have it. but perhaps because they just the other day founded a movement in someone's left arm they are content with doing nothing. except sit back to watch the arms race. which one will win remains to be seen wearing black trousers & a red t-shirt getting into a nondescript dark car

#2

a boy hid it in his school desk, the only object in that classroom painted blue. a girl hid under the blackboard, the only object in that classroom painted green. a teacher hid behind the pulpit, the only object in that old-fashioned classroom painted red. a same-sex couple painted a closet black & hid in that. that started a movement of painting & hiding in that school. before long most spaces where you could hide & most objects you could paint were occupied & colourful. the first boy took something out of his desk & looked baffled. a principal crashes in through the door looking agitated, mouth moving without producing any words. the principal's face changes expression, now confused. the principal exits quickly heading down the now deserted hallway. a telephone conversation ensues. the school is sealed. a whitewash follows a few hours later

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts
- Adam Fieled (Henniker, New Hampshire): from Beams:...
- More from No Tell Motel
- from No Tell Motel
- from Borrowed House
- Tammy Armstrong (Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canad...
- From X-Peri
- More from Equations (Thesis: Julie Hayes)
- More from The Argotist Online (poetry archive)
- From The Argotist Online
- From Eyewear

Contributors
- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives
October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February 2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025 June 2025 July 2025

#3

she was not the author of the black notebook she gave to him, even as she called it "mine" before adding, "now it is yours." but then authorship is an increasingly shapeless ship. a small aside for sure. maybe found in that notebook. he would know for he probably read it. she would know for she probably had some part in its making. i would be expected to know for i'm writing these notes. eileen would know for the beginnings are hers. so "mine" or "yours". shall we mine the possibilities? or just say "ours"? or even question the very notion of "ownership"? wouldn't that be fun? ownership as theft. of course. the old anarchist idea. probably stolen from some earlier anti-authoritarian movement. what did for example the diggers have to say about ownership? people before money? what will people after money say? in other words who can claim ownership (theft) to that idea? & what has that to do with her giving him a black notebook? whether she really could call it hers it was well received. & strengthened a bond between them. maybe because of its content. maybe in the simple act of giving. maybe because they both like black notebooks. maybe because m/s authorship just left harbour heading south-west with a cargo of, you guessed it, black notebooks

#4

except that, she understood with that first nibble: she will spend the rest of her suddenly over-long life aching to taste again that poem she swallowed out of existence. in that form. & maybe she asks herself, or someone else's self, if she finds another poem to nibble: how would she react to that? would the taste of that poem be pleasing to her? but maybe she doesn't ask herself, or someone else's self, that. maybe she pours herself a glass of wine & submerges herself in a song. & maybe she thinks about how that combination tastes. & maybe she sets out to turn that combined taste into a poem. & maybe that poem tastes interesting. but she will leave it up to a neighbour who just entered, suspecting nothing, to be the judge of that. for that neighbour just happens to be a sommelier & a drummer

#5

except that, pride is necessary to locate the eye within spaces lacking discernible parameters. because of that, pride is very proud to finally be useful. full of life a young woman skips. wait, there, could that be a parameter? & could the eye be nearby? except that, spaces discern a direction. a couple of miles, then to the left

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

just after an oddly shaped tree. & if necessary we will hang a sign on it. the spaces nod & make thoughtful faces. the eye locates you. a big black hairy dog puts his nose to the ground. then suddenly he lifts his leg to a lamp-post. directions continue. the director tries to locate an angle, a way into the scene, thinking the part will improve the whole. except that, the need arises to locate the eye to facilitate cutting. this bread is often used with soup. this soup is easier to cook without pride. yo! a parameter. what next?

© Lars Palm 2008

Andrew Lundwall (Rockford, Illinois, USA): from *Gardening at Night*

RUMPUS ROOM

the moon slices like ivory
through our window we see it
deceptive breaths
shredding yesterday's bills

injured that look
down the stairs
descending slowly
it hurts to watch

it's not even funny
we're incarcerated
in eternity's rumpus room
no one's speaking

THREE SLICES OF MOON

nothing personal but i'd rather distance you - cursive all up there in my face like a blizzard of bees each letter pimped out - geography this

*

three nuns at the bar last night raised mug *this bud's for you* - the jukebox jester

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

played a wicked accordion for the occasion

*

a dark cloud - was it a rorshach test or blood spatter you tell me - my game is 3D -
infatuated passengers grin

SENSES

if it rains for real
decorate it this time
laurel it and let it
drop like a stone
so safe on the other side
so convenient to be

EUCHARISTIC

congregate like the washington monument
bright hydrants shapes of being awake
recurring still supplied memory we'll hook
up thoughts dispensing fleshes steadily
like yellow lips decompressing a map
hard twists of night radically lilt
to know long returns clad in black robes
by an absence like a lifer'd found the egg

10:15 SATURDAY NIGHT

struggled up from sleep
from the glow that fires her fingers
sweet consequential sweat aloof
like lonesome in snow globe

thought that if i'd told
or if you'd stayed still
long enough if being anyone

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

is being everywhere else but

you've shrouded yrself in silence
excused myself from room to smoke
distracted bored long drags tilted
to find her something in my stacks

BC

lost in the raging sound
a face is splintered
through the club
and its web of smoke
all eyes die here
at their feet the ladies
shiny north pole they swirl
to stun the masses stupid
at the edge of the world
renee especially
i walk through you
your legs suit me
where i wish to move
through your eyes
offer a bouquet
to shadows
to love

© Andrew Lundwall 2008

Chris McCabe (London, UK): from *The True History of the Working Class*: "March 26, 2008"

Last week we went to see The Fall at the Astoria —
a warehouse of drunkenness, experience, harsh bass
that breaks apart Paolozzi's mosaics inside Tottenham
Court Road station, a place where people meet to make
sensation *mean* something real to them — soon to be sold

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

to commercial developers — another turreted outpost
beneath the omphalos of CENTREPOINT. In the crowd
was Frank Skinner & the drummer from The Horrors.
In that tensile thrum before they came on stage,
the sense that something special is going to happen only once
like this — at our feet a stash of Red Stripe cans — we stood
on the top tier looking down at the moshpit & stage.

A man in a leather jacket & jeans, shaved head,
seething with undercurrents of repressed violence
and dissatisfaction — skin pitted through acne
and alcohol like a kind of hairy red lemon — tells us
he's called *Des* & starts talking at us. He says
The Fall could only happen in England, where
else would people pay to see a drunk take the stage,
offend us all & then leave when he's had enough?
He pours warm Guinness into a plastic cup
as he talks, makes clear to us he's from south
London & shows us his badge to prove he's
a Brentford fan. He says he doesn't know why
he comes to support them, he fuckin' hates
Mark E. Smith, miserable bastard that he is.
Then quotes his favorite Fall lyric: "Hey there
Fuckface! Hey there Fuckface!" And sure enough,
thirty or so minutes into the set Des throws his
plastic glass to the floor & walks toward the dark
stairwell to leave, the value of his ticket is to stay
true to the occasion — it's what Mark E. Smith
still might decide do at any minute himself.

I wonder if Des is the kind of person *The Guardian*
was talking about as 'minority working class',
the kind that should be spoken of with more respect
and helped along in some way. Des
is not lacking in basic intelligence, but smells
of dinners only taken at drink's convenience,
survives to threaten & assumes he can enter & possess
anyone's living space. Staring at my wife's cleavage
as he talked, his eyes seemed to salivate.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

And what do The Fall say of this : the moshpit
mixed with lads of fifteen & bald men in their forties,
as Mark E. Smith unplugs his band's guitars,
ups the amp levels, leaves the stage. He strikes
me later as the first auto-destructive artist in popular
culture, Gustav Metzger on meths & Tennants Extra,
a grouchy mumbling munchkin gurning & seething
as any 50-year old man who fees his life has come to nothing.
Neckless, arthritic, pissed, he swerves any attempt
at live perfection. Sarah said it was like watching
Faustus on stage with Lucifer in the wings too scared
to enter. As he built it up, let it come apart again,
destroying & creating just once, like this, for us —
a fin-de-siecle schoolboy on detention in his own attic,
forever writes out the lines: *Blind man, have mercy on me*.

© Chris McCabe 2008

Christopher Goodrich (New Jersey, USA): Two Poems

IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY

When the oxygen masks drop,
I will apply one first to my own mouth,
as we were instructed, make sure
I am still alive, before helping you
with yours. In this moment,
according to the government,
I am most important.
This admission is the only way
to ensure your survival. If you need
assistance, you must acknowledge
that I will always come first.
Your life may depend upon it.

THE STATE OF OUR ART, 2007

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Upon the anticipated arrival
of the new journal
in which I appear, I slowly savor
my own poem, maybe two,
three times (I even read
my biography) before shelving it,
satisfied that my existence
exists. Like the author
who enters the bookstore
to find himself on the shelf
without noticing his neighbors;
I often look into the eyes of strangers
I pass on the highway
not to see who shares the road,
but more and more,
to see if I am seen.

© Christopher Goodrich 2008

Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

More
Create Blog Sign In

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Mary Biddinger (Akron, Ohio, USA): Three Poems

ENLIGHTENMENT

One day you're busy peeling the leaves
from a stalk of broccoli, then the next
slicing your garments with a jackknife,
as if you could choose another place
to wear a halo. Every new loaf of bread
is as unsatisfying as the last, pocked
with holes that collapse as soon as you
insert your fingers. Sometimes I wonder
why I wonder. It's easy to close your eyes
and relive the disappointment all over
again, the last gift unwrapped and it's not
the shotgun you asked for, but instead

a quivering garden rake painted green
to match someone else's eyes. It's isn't
the collected works of George Herbert,
two rusty harmonicas, or just enough
Quickrete to make a summer in rural
Oklahoma magical. She promised you
in her particleboard cubicle that smelled
like lemon air freshener: *Every day
is a gift*. There was no way that you

could have foreseen my steel-toe boot
and a handful of her teeth waging war
like those movies other people's fathers

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (Henniker, New Hampshire): from Beams:...
- More from No Tell Motel
- from No Tell Motel
- from Borrowed House
- Tammy Armstrong (Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canad...
- From X-Peri
- More from Equations (Thesis: Julie Hayes)
- More from The Argotist Online (poetry archive)
- From The Argotist Online
- From Eyewear

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February 2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.
PDFmyURL

watched with the blinds drawn. Really,
you are happy I know my way around
a baseball bat. This is what you have
always loved about me the most. Not
the way I hate scones, or see in the dark.
You will not have to worry about
leeches when you sink to the bottom
of this river. Every windmill you ever
wanted to burn to the ground is here.

WHERE WE WENT FROM HERE

You tried to wear it like a beard
that didn't fit. You ransacked the pastry

case, said you were picking out a new
whore, even if she was ringed in almonds

and drunker than a ladyfinger could be.
We were under unusual circumstances.

The floors were never quite strong enough
to hold us, but we used them anyway.

It sounded like you said, *Put your harm
around me, baby*. That was before

our pinstripes outgrew us, trailed off onto
the bedspread and out the window.

It's nothing that either of us predicted.
I could count all the times it didn't

happen, like retention ponds you speed
past on the highway, knowing you'll never

dive in, or fill your thermos with the murk.
How can you count what isn't in pieces?

2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025 June 2025 July 2025

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

You asked for the key to my pajamas
so you could lose it, and beg for another.

HALF KEROSENE, HALF HAMMER

He can drive a hatchback straight
through a blizzard, wears wool
like a farm kid, even if his mother

never stitched him into underwear
in November. He'll unbutton
your shirt while he levels the wet

plaster on your dining room wall,
slip his tongue into your mouth
while talking on the phone, not

missing a word. The kind of man
who'll tarp your car before
the sleet starts, wake at midnight

to plug the engine block heater in,
surprise you with cold fingers.
The man you'd always recognize

from across a field, even at dusk,
or through a blindfold. Your hand
is half the size of his. He's half

kerosene, half hammer. Tore a room
to bare studs when he was fourteen,
same day he tasted his first Budweiser.

His favorite animal was always
predatory and quick, even if he
was never the first out of the gate.

You expect him to rise out of every
snow bank, bet twenty dollars he'll

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

push your Volvo all the way home.

© Mary Biddinger 2008

Ungovernable Press: *Rubber Soul*

The new Adam Fieled e-chap from Ungovernable Press is *Rubber Soul*.

Editor Interview with me, as done by Jeffrey Side and the Argotist Online, as part of an Editors feature.

Rosanna Lee (NYC, USA): Two Poems

SHOOT THE FREAK

The Cyclone rattled its last *rat a tat tat*
roller-coaster shudder two decades ago.
The skeleton still stands as testament to a bygone
New York Jewish era.
The construction crane demolished
the last, wiry matchstick remains,
because at night, it swayed and made
a sing song noise that made them
think it would crash one night and kill someone,
last ligaments brushed away.

Today no one goes to see the freak show. The bearded lady
and somnambulist have shaved and awoken.
The Siamese twins are severed and killed.
Cut the baby in half and the real parent will speak up.
The Wisdom of Solomon is the new freak show.
It's the real parents screaming *cut them, kill one, and leave me a normal baby for chistsakes!*

Even the circus died. No one's amazed anymore.
The Norwegian trapeze artists and gypsies keep

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

up the desperate legacy of their sad parents.
The ringmaster parodies himself in mocking bravado.
The elephants stink and are crusty and march in unending circles
with glamorous, glittering ladies who do not seem to exist
even though they're straddling beasts.
Professor Sascha talks to the animals with a long whip, magic,
& the white horses leaping really are so ravishing, tame and wild.
The big tent droops; the crystal ball dulls to wood.

One night a child goes to the circus carnival for the last time.
He fingers the illusion and all the players congeal into waxy ice:
Feather Woman in mid-flip above the net, tiger tamer with his head
in the mad kitty's jaws, the clown mid-tumble with his
shiny shoes on the dusty ground.

BOBBY

they lined the bridges for you,

the rusty depots, the
parched earth – they stood
packed together, lining
the locomotives parallel tracks,

they stood stalwart for you,
awed, stupefied, not
too many tears in the
dust, there was just
too much dust

and your train chugged without a sound
to what sane and sacred end was left
one day we'll grow up, Bobby.

Is it as the Buddhists say, Bobby? And bits
of you are dispersed in sunflower seeds
and dandelion roots – or are you
with the Christians and St. Peter?

We laid lilacs for Lincoln and

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

for you Bobby, we laid down
everything and just never
picked it back up.

© Rosanna Lee 2008

Mary Walker Graham (Boston, USA): "On the Banks of the River in Winter"

So many Marys grieving by the river
that I have to cover my ears
to shut out the sobbing and hear,

as if for the first time,
the long low sound of the water
and the train just beginning

to round the bend and blow
its way through the dark tunnel.
How many times I've sat

in summer: considered the chicory,
drawn the blue bridge flung
from bank to bank, or wondered

the names of the red flowers,
their throats like trumpets.
How many times I've not

given in to the weeping:
I can almost *see* her— the one
who lifts the Potomac mud

to her face and smears,
as if it were a balm and not
the original problem,

or the one with the bucket of fish:
she should return them but that would mean
letting them slip, silver and whole,

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

finally cast out. I'd rather
let them wander in the maples,
cold and insistent and crying.

I should swim somehow— wait
for spring; I've been waving
to that other a long time,

the one who wears the red
and not the blue scarf.

© Mary Walker Graham 2008

Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

More Create Blog Sign In

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Larissa Shmailo (NYC, USA): "The Gospel According to Magdalene"

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MAGDALENE

1. I saw you first, writing in the sand.
I couldn't hear you: they were cursing me,
Throwing stones, screaming
Bitch Cunt Whore Bitch Cunt Whore.

I couldn't hear you.
You were quiet and
Papa was holding me, whispering in my ear,
Telling me I was a man's woman,
A natural born whore,
And Mama smiled and turned her head,
Paid the mortgage on my back,
And spit on me: *You parasite*, she hissed,
You little bitch: You made Papa bad.

So I ran, ran, ran for my life
In any direction I could
Like a dead leaf I rode the wind
I didn't know that
You were the cloud that would carry me
Didn't feel
Your wind beneath my veins
Didn't hear
The birds I followed with my eyes.
I flew without breath,
Running for my life.

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...
- Cleveland Wall (Bethlehem, Pa, USA): "Midge"

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

2. I couldn't hear you;
You were so quiet,
I still don't know why.
And the pimp's voice was soft,
Hissing in my ear, telling me
I was damned if I didn't
And the tricks were leering, saying
I was damned if I did, but
Do me baby, just do me now.
And their women, their thin, cold women,
Just told me I was damned.

3. I saw you first, writing in the sand,
Even as I ran for my life.
The mob turned to you, saying
Rabbi, should we kill her?

And you laughed.
And I saw the word you had written in the brown sand
And your hand writing twice just in case I didn't see
And I saw the word as I fell to the soft sand,
The word of beginning, the word in your hand
And I took the word, and wrote it all over,
And I laughed and I wrote and was free.

4. Stations

I was there, I saw your face
When you fell for the third time,
When the cross dragged you under,
When they nailed you at last.

I was there, I saw your face
When the pain of betrayal
Would have made any man
Sell his soul to be dead.

I was there, I saw your face,
When you cried to the heavens,

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Eloi, eloi, lama sabachtani.
And the heavens split open
For the grace of despair,
For that prayer of despair,
For the gift of despair.

5. The Second Coming

It's time for the second coming, boy:
I just called to say
That the boys are back in town,
And I'm with them
And we're ready to rock,
Ready to rumble,
Ready to roll.

I know I've been quiet
But I've been thinking about you, no one else.
I guess I've been shy, haven't spoken my mind.
They told me not to:
Told me it wasn't nice for a girl.
Told me not to climb the mountain,
Not to teach in church,
Not to drop the cross.
But like you say, fuck 'em:
I don't care what people say.
So come see about me:
I can stay out late tonight.

I want to come with you,
Be your biker chick, your angel,
Your new cross, a true cross
A cross with breasts.

I will soothe your Armageddon, your Jihad
I will be your avenging angel,
I will be on your side this time,
For you are my vehicle, baby,
And the kingdom of heaven
Is mine on your wheels.

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

Let me be your cross.

The soul of a woman was created below;
Now you know why.

This time, next time, now:
Raise an army for you
Harrow Hell and
Find some roughnecks
To kick down the walls of your tomb.

Listen: Hell hath no fury
Like a woman whose man has been
Gone a long time.

I will not let you be crucified again.

© Larissa Shmailo 2008

Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL converts web pages and even full websites to PDF easily and quickly.

P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Matina Stamatakis (Albany, NY, USA): "Naked (for Mona Mur)"

NAKED (for Mona Mur)

soft planchette askew mine eye
which corners this triangle
with an open palm? these dowsing
boards & *trompe l'oeil* ?

your body: arches swirl around a dark
alphabet— I have witnessed the grand
eclipse of constants: eddying ellipses
I hold dizzy the nude blur

will eye eventually purge the visible &
release the invisible from your mouth
of three slopes ?

have we bespoken the gauze-silhouette
that touch of brow so gentle it belongs
in the scriptures to claim the sacred-kept

but for you there is no fragment of sleep
in the palimpsest for you I am
but a channel— amateur palmist
soured by revelation

in the eye of your colossus-root
I have taken-in & kept
at a distance

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Mar...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "The Stranger"
- P.F.S. Post Anthology (USA, UK, Australia, Canada)...
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 32"
- Interviews with the Editor (New Orleans, USA, Lond...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "A Shoe Box The...
- Jeremy Eric Tenenbaum (Philadelphia, USA): "dear gr"
- Steve Halle (Illinois, USA): "yao"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "On A Party"
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 105"

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July

PDFmyURL

© Matina Stamatakis 2007

2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February 2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021

Download Web Counter
Orbitz Coupon Codes

Blog Information Profile for afieled

PDFmyURL.com - convert URLs, web pages or even full websites to PDF online. Easy API for developers!